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# SONGS OF MYSELF

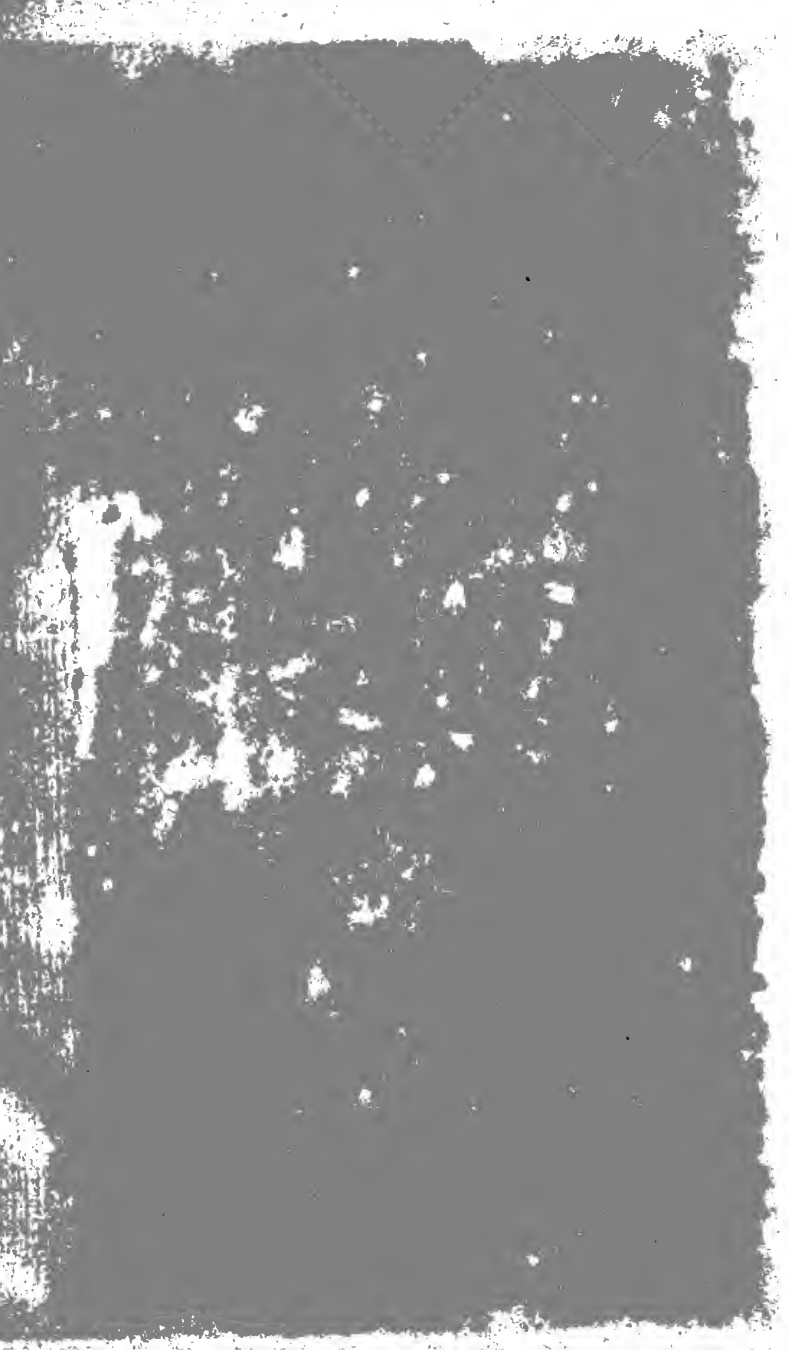
THOMAS MACDONAGH

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**SONGS OF MYSELF**

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# SONGS OF MYSELF

BY

THOMAS MACDONAGH

DUBLIN

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*Two of these poems have appeared in "The Nation" (London), and are here reprinted by the kind permission of the Editor.*



## IN THE STORM

With laughing eyes and storm-blown hair  
You came to my bedside ;  
I thought your living soul was there,  
And that my dreams had lied ;

But ere my lips had power to speak  
A word of love to you,  
The moonlight fell upon your cheek,  
And it was of death's hue.

Sudden I heard the storm arise,  
I heard its summons roll :  
Wistful and wondering your eyes  
Were fading from my soul.

The moonlight waned, and shadows thick  
Went keening on the storm—  
Ah ! for the quiet that was quick,  
The cold heart that was warm !

## IN ABSENCE

Last night I read your letters once again—  
Read till the dawn filled all my room with  
grey;

Then quenched my light and put the leaves  
away,

And prayed for sleep to ease my heart's great  
pain.

But ah ! that poignant tenderness made vain  
My hope of rest—I could not sleep or pray  
For thought of you, and the slow, broadening  
day

Held me there prisoner of my throbbing brain.

Yet I did sleep before the silence broke,  
And dream, but not of you—the old dreams rife  
With duties which would bind me to the yoke  
Of my old futile, lone, reluctant life :

I stretched my hands for help in the vain  
strife,

And grasped these leaves, and to this pain  
awoke.

## IN AN ISLAND

'Mid an isle I stand,  
Under its only tree :  
The ocean around—  
Around life eternity :  
'Mid my life I stand,  
Under the boughs of thee.

## AFTER A YEAR

After a year of love  
Death of love in a day ;  
And I who ever strove  
To hold love in sure life  
Now let it pass away  
With no grief and no strife.

Pass—but it holds me yet ;  
Love, it would seem, may die ;  
But we can not forget  
And can not be the same,  
As lowly or as high,  
As once, before this came.

Never as in old days  
Can I again stoop low ;  
Never, now fallen, raise  
Spirit and heart above  
To where once life did show  
The lone soul of my love.



None would the service ask  
That she from love requires,  
Making it not a task  
But a high sacrament  
Of all love's dear desires  
And all life's grave intent.

And if she asked it not?—  
Should I have loved her then?—  
Such love was our one lot  
And our true destiny.  
Shall I find truth again?—  
None could have known but she.

And she?— But it is vain  
Her life now to surmise,  
Whether of joy or pain,  
After this borrowed year.  
Memory may bring her sighs,  
But will it bring a tear?

What if it brought love back?—  
Love?—Ah! love died to-day—  
She knew that our hearts lack

One thing that makes love true.  
And I would not gainsay,  
Told her I also knew.

And there an end of it—  
I, who had never brooked  
Such word as all unfit  
For our sure love, brooked this—  
Into her eyes I looked,  
Left her without a kiss.

## THE SUICIDE

Here when I have died,  
And when my body is found,  
They will bury it by the road side  
And in no blessed ground.

And no one my story will tell,  
And no one will honour my name :  
They will think that they bury well  
The damned in their grave of shame.

But alike shall be at last  
The shamed and the blessed place,  
The future and the past,  
Man's grace and man's disgrace.

Secure in their grave I shall be  
From it all, and quiet then,  
With no thought and no memory  
Of the deeds and the dooms of men.

## IN FEVER

I am withered and wizened and stiff and old,  
Sick and hot, and I sigh for the cold,  
For the days when all of the world was fresh  
And all of me, my soul and my flesh,—  
When my lips and my mouth were cool as  
    the dew,  
And my eyes, now worn, as clear, as new.  
I wish I were lying out in the rain  
In the wood at home, that the waters might  
    strain  
And stream through me— But here I lie  
In a clammy room, and my soul is dry,  
And shall never be fresh again till I die.

## IN DREAD

All day in widowed loneliness and dread  
    Haunted I went, fearing that all your love  
Was dead, and all my joy, as sudden dead  
    As once were sudden born our joy and love.

## A DREAM OF AGE

I dreamt last night that I was very old,  
And very lonesome, very sad of heart ;  
And, shunning men, dwelt in a place apart  
Where none my barren sorrow might behold ;  
There brooded grim beside my hearthstone  
cold

Cold days of shadow, dying, till with flame  
Of happy memory once more you came  
With laughing eyes and hair of burning  
gold.

—O eyes of sudden joy ! O storm-blown hair !  
O pale face of my love ! why do you rise  
Amid the haunting spectres of despair  
To trouble their gaunt vigil with my  
cries?—

In tears I woke and knew the dream was  
true :

My youth was lost, and lost the love of you.

## THE ANCHORET

I saw thy soul stand in the moon  
Last night, the live-long night—  
The jewels of Heaven in thy hand,  
Thy brow with cherub coronal spanned,  
And thou in God's light.

Hell is the demons' gulfèd lair  
Beneath the flaming bars ;  
And Heaven, whereto thou goest soon,  
Beyond thy dwelling in the moon  
And beyond the stars.

But Purgatory, thine old abode  
Since Life's impure delay,  
Towers athwart the circling air  
Whose topmost Heaven-reaching stair  
Thou dost tread to-day.

Thy soul within the moon doth stand—

How many years of toil !

And I must bear a greater load,

And I must climb a harder road

Ere God me assoil !



## IN CALM

Not a wind blows and I have cried for  
storm !

The night is still and sullen and too bright,  
Still and not cold,—the airs around me warm  
Rise, and I hate them, and I hate the  
night.

Yet I shall hate the day more than the hush  
Henceforth forever, as life more than  
death ;—  
And I have cried to hear the wild winds rush  
To drown my words, to drown my living  
breath.

## IN SEPTEMBER

The winds are in the wood again to-day,  
Not moaning as they moan among bare  
boughs

In winter dark, nor baying as they bay  
When hunting in full moon, the spring to  
rouse ;

Nor as in summer, soft : the insistent rain  
Hisses the woe of my void life to me ;  
And the winds jibe me for my anguish vain,  
Sibilant, like waters of the washing sea.

## AT THE END

The songs that I sing  
Should have told you an Easter story  
Of a long sweet Spring  
With its gold and its feasts and its glory,

Of the moons then that married  
Green May to the mellow September,  
Long noons that ne'er tarried  
Life's hail and farewell to remember—

But the haste of the years  
Had rushed to the fall of our sorrow,  
To the waste of our tears,  
The hush and the pall of our morrow.

## OUR STORY

There was a young king who was sad,  
And a young queen who was lonely ;  
They lived together their busy life,  
Known to each other only,—

Known to each other with strange love,  
But with sighs for the king's vain sorrow  
And for the queen's vain loneliness  
And vain forethought of the morrow.

After a barren while they died,  
In death they were not parted :  
Now in their grave perhaps they know  
Why they were broken-hearted.

## TO EOGHAN

Will you gaze after the dead, gaze into the  
grave?—

Strain your eyes in the darkness, knowing  
it vain?

Strain your voice in the silence that never  
gave

To any voice or yours an answer again?

She whom you loved long years is dead, and  
you

Stay, and you cannot bear it and cry for  
her—

And life will cure this pain—or death : you too  
Shall quiet lie where cries no echo stir.

## DEATH

Life is a boon—and death, as spirit and flesh  
are twain :

The body is spoil of death, the spirit lives on  
death-free ;

The body dies and its wound dies and the  
mortal pain ;

The wounded spirit lives, wounded im-  
mortally.

## THE RAIN IT RAINETH

The homeless bird has a weary time  
When the wind is high and moans through  
the grass :

The laughter has fainted out of my rime—  
Oh ! but the life that will moan and pass !

An oak-tree wrestling on the hill,  
And the wind wailing in the grass—  
And life will strive with many an ill  
For many a weary day ere it pass—

Wailing, wailing a winter threne  
In the clouds on high and low in the grass ;  
So for my soul will he raise the keen  
When I from the winds and the winters  
pass.

## DEATH IN THE WOODS

When I am gone and you alone are living  
here still,  
You'll think of me when splendid the storm  
is on the hill,  
Trampling and militant here—what of their  
village street?—  
For the baying of winds in the woods to me  
was music sweet.

Oh, for the storms again, and youth in my  
heart again !  
My spirit to glory strained, wild in this wild  
wood then,  
That now shall never strain—though I think  
if the tempest should roll  
I could rise and strive with death, and smite  
him back from my soul.



But no wind stirs a leaf, and no cloud hurries  
the moon ;

I know that our lake to-night with stars and  
shadows is strewn—

A night for a villager's death, who will  
shudder in his grave

To hear—alas, how long !—the winds above  
him rave.

How long ! Ah, Death, what art thou, a  
thing of calm or of storms ?

Or twain—their peace to them, to me thy  
valiant alarms ?

Gladly I'd leave them this corpse in their  
churchyard to lay at rest,

If my wind-swept spirit could fare on the  
hurricane's kingly quest.

And sure 'tis the fools of knowledge who  
feign that the winds of the world

Are but troubles of little calms by the greater  
Calm enfurled :

I know them for symbols of glory, and echoes  
of one Voice dread,  
Sounding where spacious tempests house the  
great-hearted Dead.

And what but a fool was I, crying defiance to  
Death,  
Who shall lead my soul from this calm to  
mingle with God's very breath!—  
Who shall lead me hither perhaps while you  
are waiting here still,  
Sighing for thought of me when the winds  
are out on the hill.

## AT DAWN

Lo! 'tis the lark  
Out in the sweet of the dawn !  
Springing up from the dew of the lawn,  
Singing over the gurth and the park !—  
O Dawn, red rose to change my life's grey  
    story !  
O Song, mute lips burning to lyric glory !  
O Joy! Joy of the lark,  
Over the dewy lawn,  
Over the gurth and the park,  
In the sweet of the dawn !

## MY POET

- My poet the rose of his fancies  
Wrought unwritten in verse,  
And left but the lilies and pansies  
To strew his early hearse.
- The master-dream of your poet  
Has perished for ever then?
- What know we? Should we know it  
If it were born again?

## REQUIES

He is dead, and never word of blame  
Or praise of him his spirit hears,  
Sacred, secure from cark of fame,  
From sympathy of useless tears.

## A SONG OF ANOTHER

FOR EOGHAN

Often enough the leaves have fallen there  
Since life for her was changed to other care;  
Often enough the winds that swept the wave  
And mocked my woe, have moaned over her  
grave.

I will return: Death now can do no more  
Anywhere on these seas or on the shore,  
Since he has stilled her heart. I cannot  
mourn

For her on these wild seas: I will return.  
Death now can do no more. And what but  
Death

Has any final power? He ceased her breath,  
Striking her dumb lips pallid; quenched the  
lights

That were, O Death, my stars of the wild  
nights

Out on rude ocean—quenched and closed her  
eyes

That were, O Death, my stars of the dawn-  
rise !

Long years ago her quiet form was thrust  
Into the quiet earth ; low in the dust  
Her golden hair lies tarnished every thread  
These lone long years, tarnished and dim  
and dead.

I will return to the far valley, blest  
With her soul's presence, now her home of  
rest—

(Where life was peace to her now death is  
peace)—

There by her grave my pilgrimage may  
cease ;

There life, there death, in my vain heart  
shall stir

No passion but the old true love of her.

## A WOMAN

Time on her face has writ  
A hundred years,  
And all the page of it  
Blurred with his tears ;

Yet in his holiest crypt  
Treasuring the scroll,  
Keeps the sweet manuscript  
Fair as her soul.



## A DREAM OF BEING

I walked in dream within a convent close,  
And met there lonely a familiar nun ;  
    Then in my mind arose  
    A vehement memory strife  
With doubt of being, arose and was fought  
    and was won.  
Trembling I said : " O mother of my life !"  
And she in tears : " At last my fond heart  
    knows—  
Surely I am the mother of my son !"  
And greeted me in dear maternal wise,  
And asked me all the story of my days,  
Silently garnering my quick replies,  
Shamefastly holding breath upon my praise  
Of him to whom she plighted the world's  
    vows  
(So ran the tale), my father, her loved  
    spouse.

It did not then seem strange that this  
should be

(A long time there we stayed in company)

Until she pondering said :

“And yet I chose the better part, my child,  
When from that world’s love and from thee  
I fled,

Leaving the wild

That I could never till aright and dreaded,  
And sought this marriage garden undefiled,  
The virgin of the Lover whom I wedded.

“Twenty years old I hither came,

Twenty years ago :

My child, if thy life were the same  
As in this tale thou dreamest now to know,  
These twenty years had been thine age  
to-day.”

I answered her : “It is my age to-day.”

And then a while she mused, nor marked the  
call

Of one monotonous bell, nor heard, within  
the hall

Hard by, the lonesome-sounding late foot-fall

Of one nun passing after the rest were  
gone :

Within they filled their places one by one,  
And a few wondered doubtless with vague  
surmise,

Less on response devout,  
Why still she tarried at that hour without.  
I heard their voices rise and fall and rise  
In their long prayer like quiet faded sighs  
Calling from hearts that lost  
Their passion long ago,  
That are not toss'd

On waves that make them crying go  
Ever at all or make them happily go.

She, quiet thus also,  
And something sad,

Spoke on : " My child, what if I had  
Chosen the other part, sought that world's  
love

Of him thou tell'st me of,  
And thus had stayed with thee?—  
It had not then been better and not worse  
(I pray that thus it be),  
No blessing and no curse,  
Making the only difference of thee,

No difference at all (that is) or false or true,  
To welcome or to rue,

No difference, whether thou came to be  
A man for men to see

Or all a dream, my dreaming soul to fill  
With fancy thus an hour so waywardly.

I turn back to the plot of life I till  
To fruit of such due virginal gifts  
As my soul lifts

Within this Heaven's house  
For twenty years unto my Lover and Spouse :  
I here return, and leave the dreamèd plot

Which I have laboured not,—  
Leave thee, my child, who never hast been born.  
Alas ! Alas ! that so thou art forlorn,

Since I must lose thee so once more  
As I have lost thee (thus my dream) before,—  
Since I must lose thee . . .” “Ah, dream of  
life !” said I,

“What if the dream be life, and the waking  
dream ?”

Her eyes did wistful seem,  
A moment wistful, then with patient sigh,  
“If thou dream so,” she said, “thou art indeed  
my dream.

Strange that a dream like thee can dream  
again,

And dreaming yearn for being !

And, vision-seen, can yearn for seeing !  
My child, thou standest always in God's ken,  
In ken of me an hour, never of men ;

And thou wilt now from mine depart,

And wilt return

Seldom to mind of me, never to heart ;

Nor shall I wonder or mourn,

For it is but the difference of thee

Who art now, art not in eternity ;

Nor wonder ever thus of him whose praise

Thou didst rear so in story of thy days :

He may be vain as thy vain days that burn,

Small hour by hour, in other than life's fire,

Though with my life coëval they expire :

Life thou dost run, and he,

Only in dream of me,—

Who is the dreamer ?" she faltered. I, poor  
ghost,

Left her there pondering as the vespers ceased ;

And sisters hurrying forth met me almost

Where I passed slowly out, from the dream  
released.

## TWO SONGS FROM THE IRISH

### I

*(Is truagh gan mise i Sasana)*

'Tis a pity I'm not in England,  
Or with one from Erin thither bound,  
Out in the midst of the ocean,  
Where the thousands of ships are drowned.

From wave to wave of the ocean  
To be guided on with the wind and the  
rain—  
And, O King! that Thou might'st guide  
me  
Back to my love again!

II

*(Táid na réalta 'na seasamh ar an aer)*

The stars stand up in the air,  
The sun and the moon are gone,  
The strand of its waters is bare,  
And her sway is swept from the swan.

The cuckoo was calling all day,  
Hid in the branches above,  
How my stóirín is fled far away—  
'Tis my grief that I give her my love !

Three things through love I see,  
Sorrow and sin and death—  
And my mind reminding me  
That this doom I breathe with my breath.

But sweeter than violin or lute  
Is my love, and she left me behind—  
I wish that all music were mute,  
And I to all beauty were blind.

She's more shapely than swan by the strand,  
She's more radiant than grass after dew,  
She's more fair than the stars where they  
stand—  
'Tis my grief that her ever I knew !



## JOHN-JOHN

I dreamt last night of you, John-John,  
And thought you called to me ;  
And when I woke this morning, John,  
Yourself I hoped to see ;  
But I was all alone, John-John,  
Though still I heard your call :  
I put my boots and bonnet on,  
And took my Sunday shawl,  
And went, full sure to find you, John,  
To Nenagh fair.

The fair was just the same as then,  
Five years ago to-day,  
When first you left the thimble men  
And came with me away ;  
For there again were thimble men  
And shooting galleries,  
And card-trick men and Maggie men  
Of all sorts and degrees,—  
But not a sight of you, John-John,  
Was anywhere.

I turned my face to home again,  
And called myself a fool  
To think you'd leave the thimble men  
And live again by rule,  
And go to mass and keep the fast  
And till the little patch :  
My wish to have you home was past  
Before I raised the latch  
And pushed the door and saw you, John,  
Sitting down there.

How cool you came in here, begad,  
As if you owned the place !  
But rest yourself there now, my lad,  
'Tis good to see your face ;  
My dream is out, and now by it  
I think I know my mind :  
At six o'clock this house you'll quit,  
And leave no grief behind ;—  
But until six o'clock, John-John,  
My bit you'll share.

The neighbours' shame of me began  
When first I brought you in ;  
To wed and keep a tinker man  
They thought a kind of sin ;

But now this three year since you're gone  
    'Tis pity me they do,  
And that I'd rather have, John-John,  
    Than that they'd pity you.  
Pity for me and you, John-John,  
    I could not bear.

Oh, you're my husband right enough,  
    But what's the good of that?  
You know you never were the stuff  
    To be the cottage cat,  
To watch the fire and hear me lock  
    The door and put out Shep—  
But there now, it is six o'clock  
    And time for you to step.  
God bless and keep you far, John-John !  
    And that's my prayer.

## TO A WISE MAN

If I had spent my talent as you spend,  
If you had sought this rare thing sought  
by me,  
We had missed our mutual pity at life's end,  
As we have missed only our sympathy.

## OFFERING

To her who first unmade a poet and gave  
Love and unrest instead of barren art,  
Who dared to bring him joy and then to  
brave  
The anger and the anguish of his heart,  
  
Knowing the heart would serve her still ; and  
then  
Who gave back only what to art belongs,  
Making the man a poet over again,—  
To her who gave me all I give these songs.

## ENVOI

I send these creatures to lay a ghost,  
And not to raise up fame !  
For I shrink from the way that they go  
almost  
As I shrink from the way that they came.

To lose their sorrow I send them so,  
And to lose the joys I held dear ;  
Ere I on another journey go  
And leave my dead youth here.

For I am the lover, the anchoret,  
And the suicide—but in vain ;  
I have failed in their deeds, and I want them  
yet,  
And this life derides my pain.

I suffer unrest and unrest I bring,  
And my love is mixed with hate ;  
And the one that I love wants another thing,  
Less unkind and less passionate.

So I know I have lost the thing that I  
sought,  
And I know that by my loss  
I have won the thing that others have  
bought  
In agony on this cross.

But I whose creed is only death  
Do not prize their victory ;  
I know that my life is but a breath  
On the glass of eternity.

And so I am sorry that I failed,  
And that I shall never fulfil  
The hope of joy that once I hailed  
And the love that I yearn for still.

In a little while 'twill be all the same,  
But I shall have missed my joy ;  
And that was a better thing than fame  
Which others can make or destroy.

So I send on their way with this crude rime  
These creatures of bitter truth,  
Not to raise up fame for a future time,  
But to lay the ghost of my youth.

. . . . .

And now it is time to start, John-John,  
And leave this life behind ;  
We'll be free on the road that we journey on  
Whatever fate we find.





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